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JULY M



The STORY OF THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS!

SEPT.-OCT.



Nº2

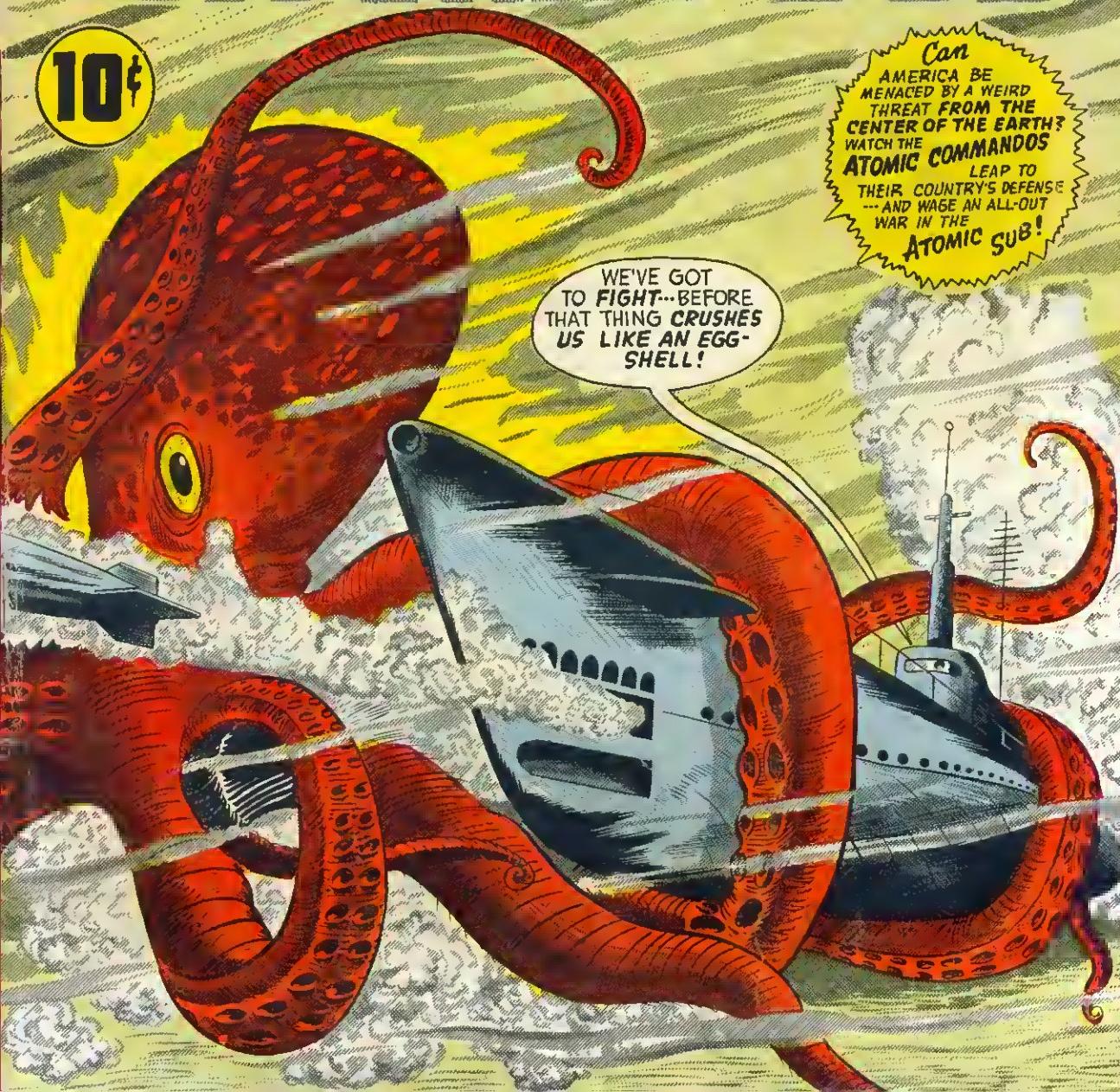
Commander Battle

ATOMIC SUB

10¢

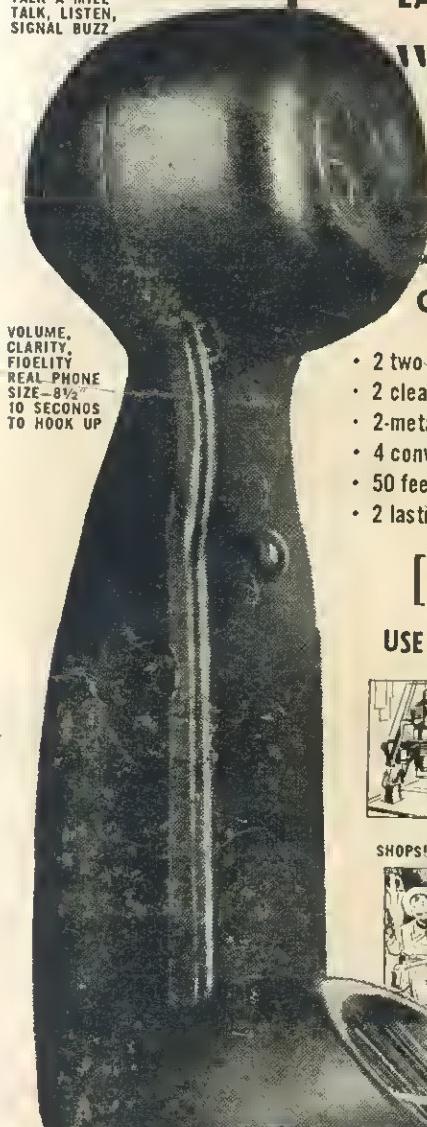
WE'VE GOT
TO FIGHT...BEFORE
THAT THING CRUSHES
US LIKE AN EGG-
SHELL!

Can
AMERICA BE
MENACED BY A WEIRD
THREAT FROM THE
CENTER OF THE EARTH?
WATCH THE
ATOMIC COMMANDOS
LEAP TO
THEIR COUNTRY'S DEFENSE
...AND WAGE AN ALL-OUT
WAR IN THE
ATOMIC SUB!



HAVE YOUR OWN TELEPHONE SYSTEM!

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TALK A MILE
TALK, LISTEN,
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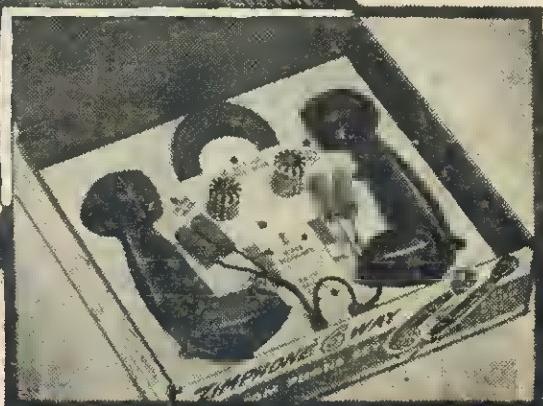
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ATOMIC SUB



ALWAYS, IN TIMES OF DIREST EMERGENCY, MAN HAS MET THE CHALLENGE WITH NEW AND SPECTACULAR WEAPONS CALCULATED TO ACHIEVE VICTORY OVER THE FORCES OF AGGRESSION! SO IT HAS BEEN THROUGH HISTORY... FROM THE INVENTION OF GUN-POWDER DOWN TO ATOMIC FISSION ITSELF! BUT NEVER IN THE RECORDED ANNALS OF HUMAN PROGRESS DID A SITUATION OF SUCH DESPERATE URGENCY CONFRONT MANKIND AS DURING THAT FATEFUL WEEK LATE IN 1954 WHEN CIVILIZATION TOTTERED... AND ALL THAT LAY BETWEEN AMERICA AND TOTAL DESTRUCTION WAS... AN ATOMIC SUBMARINE!

ON DECEMBER 14, 1954, COMMANDER BILL BATTLE ADDRESSED GRADUATING SECRET SERVICE MEN ON AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT...

...PRESIDENTIAL SECURITY! IT'S GOING TO BE A BIG PART OF YOUR JOBS! I'M TALKING TO YOU AS A FORMER SECRET SERVICE MAN WHO, IN THE INTERESTS OF SECURITY, WAS SELECTED AS HEAD OF THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS AND COMMANDER OF AMERICA'S LARGEST SECRET WEAPON... THE ATOMIC SUB!



SOME FOLKS THINK A SUBMARINE IS LIMITED... **BUT NOT THIS ONE!** REMEMBER THAT THERE ARE WATER WAYS **EVERYWHERE!** THIS BABY CAN DIVE TO ANY DEPTH... AND IT'S THE **FASTEST WATER CRAFT EVER KNOWN!** IT'S ALMOST IMPREGNABLE TO ATTACK... AND IT CARRIES THE **GREATEST FIRE-POWER IN HISTORY!**



SO REMEMBER, EVERYONE OF YOU... IF YOU'RE EVER IN A FIX WHERE PRESIDENTIAL OR NATIONAL SECURITY SEEMS AT STAKE... AND YOU NEED HELP FAST... CONTACT THE **ATOMIC COMMANDOS!** EITHER WE'LL HELP YOU WITH THE **ATOMIC SUB** ITSELF... OR USE OUR SPECIAL POWER TO COMMANDEER ANYTHING IN AMERICA IN BEHALF OF PUBLIC SAFETY!



COMMANDER BATTLE AND THE ATOMIC SUB, published bi-monthly and copyright, 1954, by Titan Publishing Co. Inc., 420 DaSoto Avenue, St. Louis 7, Missouri. Editorial offices, 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies, \$0.10; foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, Inc., 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y. Application for second-class entry pending at the Post Office at St. Louis, Missouri. No. 2, September-October, 1954.

Printed in U.S.A.



YES, THERE WERE MANY WHO THOUGHT THIS WAY...WHO QUESTIONED THE WORTH OF THE TOP LEVEL, ALL-POWERFUL SECURITY FORCE WHICH COMMANDER BILL BATTLE HEADED! BUT THERE WERE MENACES OUT OF THIS WORLD, WHICH CONVENTIONAL DEFENSE FORCES COULDN'T HANDLE! MENACES LIKE THIS, FOR INSTANCE...WHICH, ON DECEMBER 17, ROARED FROM OUT THE CRATER OF AN EXTINCT VOLCANO IN THE LONELY ROCKIES.



BUT WHATEVER CHANCE THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN OF A WARNING WENT GLIMMERING! WHO WOULD BELIEVE A CHILD...AN IMAGINATIVE CHILD?

B-BUT I
SAW IT...
HONEST
I SAW
IT'

DON'T LIE TUH
ME! ---CONSARN-
ED KID---HE'S
GOT TOO DURNED
MUCH IMAGINATION!



BUSIED THEMSELVES WITH ROUTINE TASKS... ■



THEY WERE ABOARD THE ATOMIC
SUBMARINE...

THIS NEW ATOMIC ENGINE OF
MINE SHOULD MAKE THE SUB
FASTER AND MORE POWERFUL
THAN EVER! MATTER OF FACT,
I'VE GOT ANOTHER IN MY WORK
SHOP THAT'S ALMOST FINISHED
WHICH MAY BE
EVEN BETTER. WHOA, DOC.

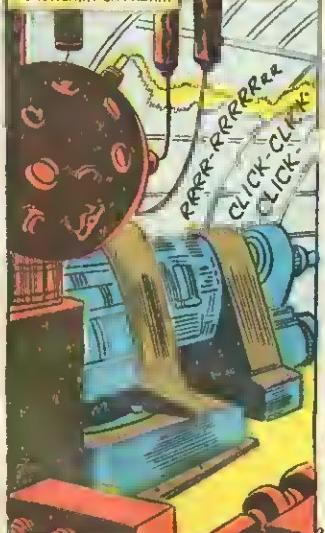
WHICH MAY BE
EVEN BETTER
THAN THIS! WHOA, DOC...
ONE AT A TIME!
I WANT TO SEE
HOW THIS ONE

**WHOA, DOC...
ONE AT A TIME!
I WANT TO SEE
HOW THIS ONE
WORKS! STEP
NER UP...**

**NER UP...
ALL
THE
WAY!**

**NER UP...
ALL
THE
WAY!**

UP UP MOUNTED THE POWER...TO ATOMIC
HEIGHTS NEVER BEFORE ATTAINED!
FURTHER... FURTHER... 



THERE WAS NO TIME FOR SPECULATION! SOMETHING WEIRDLY STRANGE WAS HAPPENING...NAPPENING BEFORE THEIR INCREDOULOUS EYES! WHATEVER EXCRUCIATING AGONY HAD GRIPPED THE UNKNOWN GIANT WAS ENDED NOW... ENDED BY FIRE FROM WITHIN!



HE... IT'S... DEAD! AND THAT SMOKE... AS IF HE WERE CONSUMED BY INTERNAL FLAMES!



LOOK OUT!

IN A HEADLONG INVASION THAT SWEPT THEM BEFORE IT...



BUT WHO HAD THE STRENGTH, THE AWFUL DRIVING POWER NEEDED TO STAND UP BEFORE THESE TITANS? ONLY CHAMP... PLUNGING TIGERISHLY TO THE ATTACK...



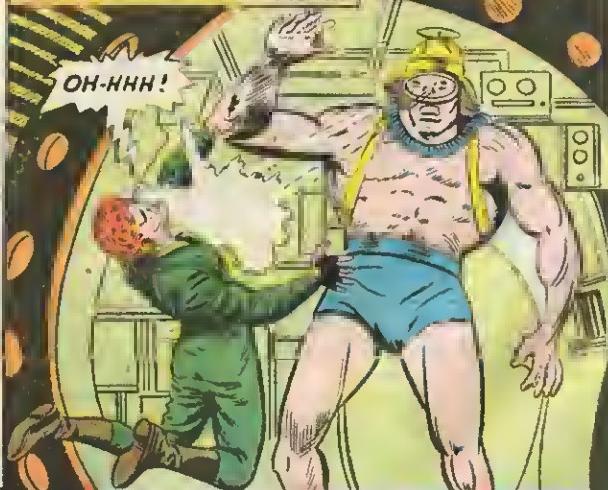
BUT THE STRANGE PEOPLE HAD OTHER WEAPONS... AND USED THEM! THEY WERE WEAPONS SUCH AS HUMANS HAD NEVER SEEN... OR DREAMED OF!



THE FIERY JET STOPPED CHAMP BUT MOMENTARILY! BUT AS HE CHARGED FORWARD AGAIN, HIS CORNERED FOE HAD A NEW TACTIC! FROM HIS LUMINOUS EYES, TWIN RAYS SHONE FORTH...



THEY CAUGHT THE STRONG MAN IN MID-STRIDE... DASHING HIM BACK AS IF HE WERE A CHILD! IT WAS BRAIN-SHOCK, KITTEN HOME WITH SLEDGE-HAMMER IMPACT... AND PRODUCING UNCONSCIOUSNESS!



THREE MORE ATOMIC COMMANDOS TO GO! FROM THE EYES OF THE ATTACKERS, THE BRAIN-RAYS DARTED, JOLTING THEM INTO A DAZED DREAM! THEN, UNHINDED, THE GIANTS TURNED LOOSE A WAVE OF WILD SABOTAGE! DB-JECTIVE, ALL ATOMIC EQUIPMENT! SAVAGELY THEY ATTACKED IT... YET, WITH A STRANGE FEAR...



THEN, THE ORGY OF DESTRUCTION OVER, THEY TURNED ASIDE... CONVERSING IN STRANGE TELEPATHIC FASHION...

WE HAVE FINISHED HERE! COME... THERE IS STILL MUCH MORE TO ACCOMPLISH!

WHEN IT IS COMPLETE, WE TURN TO PHASE 2 - THE SEIZURE OF THOSE NECESSARY TO OUR MASTER PLAN!



TIME PASSED... SLOWLY, THE EFFECTS OF THE STRANGE BRAIN-RAYS DISSIPATED...

HOLY HANNAH, WHAT--WHAT HIT US?

IT--IT WAS SOMETHING LIKE A THOUGHT WAVE--WITH EXPLOSIVE EFFECT!



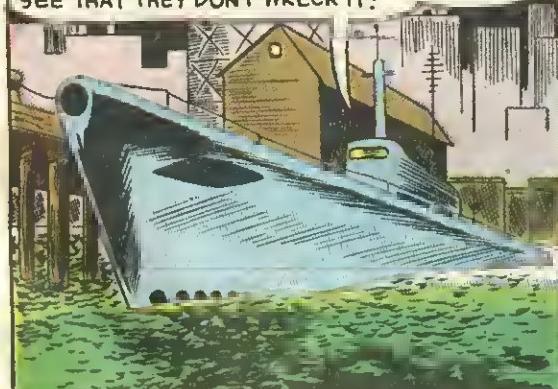
ATTENTION, ALL ARMY AND NAVY PERSONNEL... REPORT TO YOUR BASES IMMEDIATELY! THE INVASION CONTINUES, WITH THE GIANT ATTACKERS SWARMING FROM STRANGE ROCKET SHIPS AND HITTING AT ATOMIC INSTALLATIONS AT BAYSIDE, POINT NORD, ROEBURG...



HOLY SMOKE, NOW I REMEMBER! THOSE CHARACTERS WERE STANDING OVER ME, AND I GUESS I WASN'T COMPLETELY OUT... BECAUSE I GOT PART OF A CONVERSATION WHICH MUST HAVE BEEN TELEPATHIC, BECAUSE I COULDN'T REALLY HEAR ANYTHING! THEY WERE SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT MORE DESTRUCTION... AND WE'RE GOT TO STOP THEM!

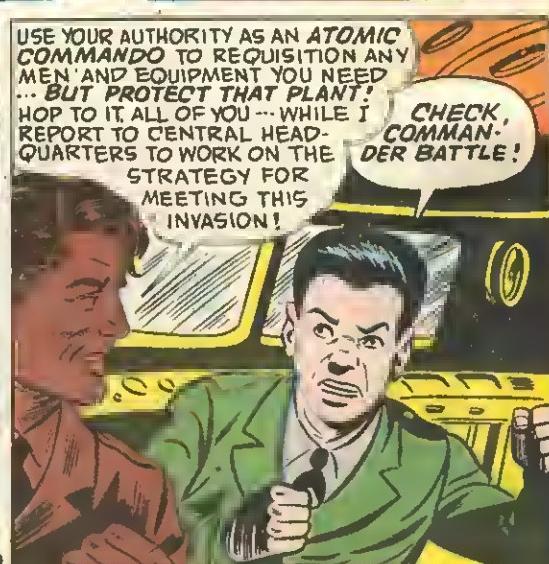


DOC, THIS SUB'S THE CENTRAL FACTOR IN AMERICA'S DEFENSE! THEY'VE WRECKED ITS ATOMIC ENGINE... FINISH UP THE ONE IN YOUR WORKSHOP ON THE DOUBLE, AND YOU AND CHAMP INSTALL IT HERE! ...TONY, IT SOUNDS AS IF THE GIANTS ARE WORKING THEIR WAY TOWARDS OUR BIGGEST ATOMIC PLANT AT BALTIMORE! I'M DEPENDING ON YOU TO SEE THAT THEY DON'T WRECK IT!



USE YOUR AUTHORITY AS AN ATOMIC COMMANDO TO REQUISITION ANY MEN AND EQUIPMENT YOU NEED... BUT PROTECT THAT PLANT! HOP TO IT, ALL OF YOU -- WHILE I REPORT TO CENTRAL HEADQUARTERS TO WORK ON THE STRATEGY FOR MEETING THIS INVASION!

I CHECK COMMANDER BATTLE!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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TONY WORKED FAST! IN NO TIME, THE BALTIMORE ATOMIC INSTALLATION WAS SURROUNDED BY GRIM TROOPS, ARMED WITH MACHINE-GUNS? THERE WAS A COMPANY OF TANKS, READY FOR WHATEVER MIGHT COME...AND OTHER EQUIPMENT, TOO...

YESSIR, I'VE EVEN GOT FLAME-THROWERS! I'M GONNA FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE!

GREAT SCOTT! LOOK--UP THERE IN THE SKY--AND COMING FAST!



A FAST, SKIDDING LANDING...AND FROM THE ROCKET THERE EMERGED...



BUT TONY HAD RECKONED ON THIS HEAD-ON ASSAULT! ON CAME THE TANKS...THEIR GUNS DEALING DEATH...



THEN SUDDENLY, AS IF BY TELEPATHIC SIGNAL, THE GIANTS HIT THE GROUND! THERE WAS NOTHING BETWEEN THE TANKS AND THEIR ROCKET NOW...AND FROM THE ROCKET, STRANGE BLACK RAYS SNAKED OUT...SLOWLY PROBING, PUSHING FORWARD...



RELENTLESSLY, THE DARK RAYS HOWED ON THE ADVANCING TANKS...AND WHERE THEY HIT...DESTRUCTION FOLLOWED!



SUDDENLY...THERE WERE NO MORE TANKS! AND NOW CAME THE GIANTS...RUSHING THE MACHINE-GUNNERS...EVADING EXECUTION BY FANTASTIC LEAPS!

THERE'S...NO HITTING THOSE THINGS! WE--WE CAN'T EVEN DRAW A BEAD ON 'EM!



THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING LEFT...THE FLAME-THROWERS! BUT THE INVADERS DISREGARDED THEM...AS IF FIRE WAS THEIR NATURAL HABITAT THEY COULDN'T BE STOPPED!



...AND WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER...

THE...THE WAY THEY BROKE UP THAT INSTALLATION...LIKE THEY HATED ATOMIC POWER! WE COULDN'T DO ANYTHIN'...THEY MET OUR FLAME LAUGHIN'...AND THEN THEY USED THEIR OWN...AN' WE DIDN'T LAUGH! AND THERE'S THAT AWFUL BLACK RAY OF THEIRS THAT SNAKES OUT LOOKIN' FOR ITS TARGET... THEN BLOWS IT TO KINGDOM COME!

WAIT...



I...I KNOW IT'S BAD, BILL...BUT DON'T LOOK LIKE THAT...

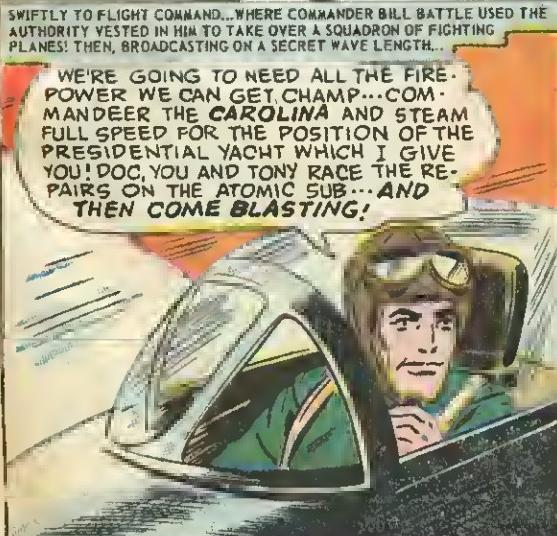
IT'S BECAUSE I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING ELSE THOSE CREEPS HAD SAID WHEN I WAS SEMI-CONSCIOUS! THAT THERE WERE CERTAIN INDIVIDUALS WHOSE SEIZURE WAS NECESSARY TO THEIR MASTER PLAN! WELL, THEY'VE GOTTN ALL THE MOST IMPORTANT NATIONAL LEADERS... EXCEPT ONE...

...THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES! HE'S CRUISING IN THE PRESIDENTIAL YACHT... PERHAPS ON HIS WAY BACK AFTER HEARING THE NEWS! THESE CREEPS SEEM TO KNOW EVERYTHING, AND THEY'LL KNOW THAT, TOO! TELL THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS TO SIT TIGHT... AND AWAIT MY ORDERS!

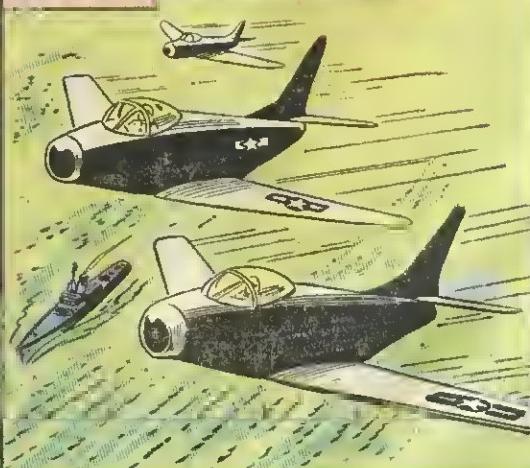


SWIFTLY TO FLIGHT COMMAND...WHERE COMMANDER BILL BATTLE USED THE AUTHORITY VESTED IN HIM TO TAKE OVER A SQUADRON OF FIGHTING PLANES! THEN, BROADCASTING ON A SECRET WAVE LENGTH...

WE'RE GOING TO NEED ALL THE FIRE-POWER WE CAN GET, CHAMP...COMMANDEER THE CAROLINA AND STEAM FULL SPEED FOR THE POSITION OF THE PRESIDENTIAL YACHT WHICH I GIVE YOU! DOC, YOU AND TONY RACE THE REPAIRS ON THE ATOMIC SUB...AND THEN COME BLASTING!



THE HOURS PASSED AS BILL'S AIR SQUADRON GUARDED THE SKIES AROUND THE YACHT...ALERT AND PREPARED TO FIGHT TO THE DEATH AGAINST ANY INVADER THAT NIGHT. COME THEIR WAY...



THEN, FINALLY, HIS PLANE FLASHED THE DREAD WARNING: ENEMY APPROACHES!



BUT MEANWHILE...ABOARD THE U. S. S. CAROLINA...

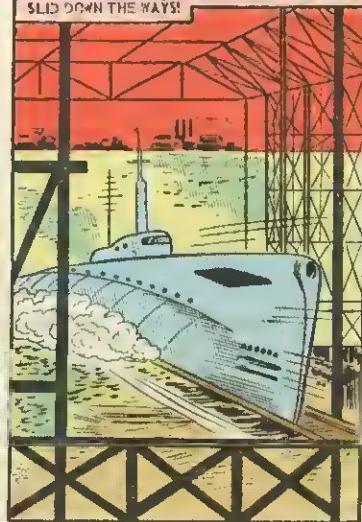
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU'RE COMMANDEERING A U.S. BATTLESHIP? WHAT IS THIS ...A JOKE?



AND AS THE CAROLINA SPED TOWARDS THE RENDEZVOUS...



...THE ATOMIC SUB, ITS REPAIRS COMPLETED, SLID DOWN THEWAYS!



EVEN THEN, A GREAT AIR DUEL RAGED! THE SQUADRON UNDER BILL BATTLE SOON DISCOVERED THAT THE ROCKETS WERE MADE OF SOME STRANGE METAL IMPERVIOUS TO MACHINE-GUN BULLETS...



BUT THE INVADERS COULD SPREAD TERROR WITH THEIR BLACK RAYS...AND DID BILL HAD LED THE DOGFIGHT...SO THEY CONCENTRATED ON HIM...



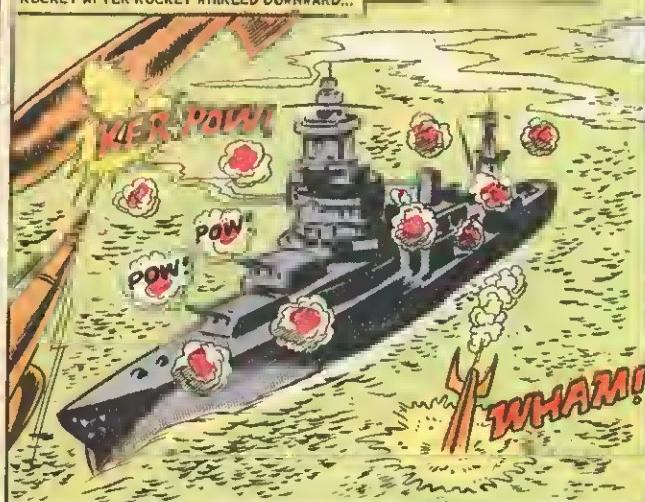
THE...THE PRESIDENT'S LAST DEFENSE...AND WE'RE BEING BLOWN OUT OF THE SKIES! THERE'S--NOTHING LEFT TO SAVE HIM NOW!



BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING! THE CAROLINA... ITS BLAZING GUNS SENDING UP A TORRENT OF DESTRUCTION!



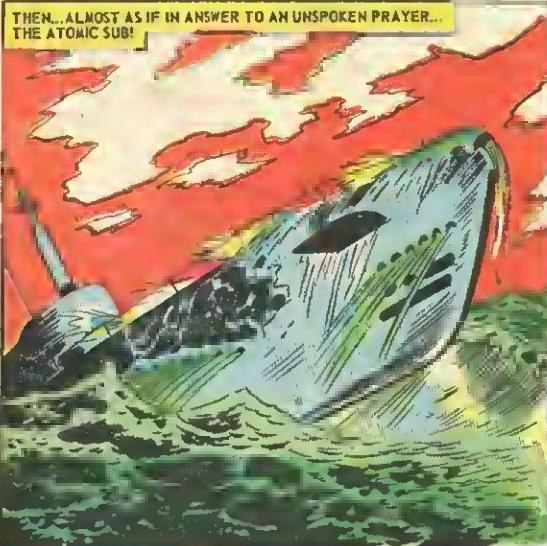
THIS WAS HEAVY ARTILLERY... AIMED WITH ALL THE SKILL OF UNCLE SAM'S MIGHTIEST BATTLE-WAGON! THE PLANES HADN'T BEEN ABLE TO DO IT... BUT NOW ROCKET AFTER ROCKET WHIRLED DOWNWARD...



BUT NOW THE FOE RALLIED STRONGLY, DIVING TOWARDS THE LONE BATTLESHIP IN AN AWFUL DISPLAY OF CONCERTED POWER! AGAIN CAME THE WEIRD BLACK RAYS, NOW CONCENTRATED UPON THIS SINGLE TARGET! AND IN A SERIES OF RENDING EXPLOSIONS... THE GREAT DREADNOUGHT WAS SILENCED!



THEN... ALMOST AS IF IN ANSWER TO AN UNSPOKEN PRAYER... THE ATOMIC SUB!



AS THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS REUNITED...

SEE WHAT WE DID? CHASED 'EM FROM HERE TO...

STOW IT, TONY...WHAT DID WE WIN? WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO OR WHAT THEY ARE, OR WHERE THEY CAME FROM! ALL WE KNOW IS THAT THEY'VE KIDNAPPED AMERICA'S GREATEST LEADERS...AND WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE TAKING THEM!

THERE WAS ONLY ONE DEVICE WITH THE SPEED OF THE FLEETING ROCKETS...THE SPECIALLY-BUILT PLANE WHICH THE ATOMIC SUB CARRIED! HOW, WITH BILL AT THE CONTROLS AND CHAMP AT HIS SIDE, IT TOOK OFF...HITTING THE PERILOUS TRAIL!

MILE AFTER FLEEING MILE...AND THEY CLOSED IN ON THEIR QUARRY!

WE'RE GETTING 'EM! THAT ROCKET IN THE CENTER, THE ONE THE OTHERS ARE ESCORTING...I'M BETTING THAT'S THE CRATE THEY'VE GOT OUR FOLKS IN!

OKAY--THEN THAT'S THE ONE WE DON'T SHOOT DOWN! LET'S GO!

HIGH IN THE STRATOSPHERE, A BATTLE TO THE DEATH! THIS WAS A PLANE OF SUCH SPEED, SUCH MANEUVERABILITY AS TO DODGE THE FATAL BLACK RAYS! AND AS IT HURLED THROUGH THE SKIES, ITS DEADLY ATOMIC BULLETS TOOK AN AWFUL TOLL!

NOW THERE WAS BUT ONE ROCKET REMAINING...

THAT'S OUR BABY--AND IT LOOKS AS IF SHE'S GOING DOWN FOR A LANDING! WE'RE OVER THE ROCKIES--BUT WHERE SHE CAN GO, WE CAN GO! HOLD TIGHT!

AND AS COMMANDER BILL BATTLE AIMED HIS PLANE DEAD CENTER FOR THE CRATER, THERE CAME AN AWFUL QUAKING ROAR! THE ANCIENT VOLCANO HAD ERUPTED...CATCHING THEM SQUARELY IN THE FIERY BLAST!

BUT THE FLEEING ROCKET WASN'T HEADING FOR ANY REGULATION LANDING! INSTEAD...

HOLY HANNAH, SHE'S HEADING SQUARE INTO THAT CRATER...AND I...I CAN'T PULL OUT OF THE DIVE!

THERE NEVER WAS A HUMAN WHO COULD WITHSTAND A VOLCANO HO! IT LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR COMMANDER BILL BATTLE AND CHAMP...BUT THERE'S AN EARTH-SHAKING SURPRISE IN STORE FOR YOU! YOU'LL REEL WITH THE THRILLING SHOCK OF OUR NEXT INSTALLMENT...WITHIN THIS VERY ISSUE!



FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILA. 41, PA.

The illustration features a vibrant yellow background with a variety of colorful, stylized illustrations of prizes. At the top left, there's a large black-and-white photograph of a man smiling. Next to it are three cartoon faces: a man with a mustache, a woman with dark hair, and another man with a bow tie. Below these faces is the text 'MEN - WOMEN - BOYS - GIRLS'. To the right of the faces is a large, jagged red starburst shape containing the word 'PRIZES' in large, bold, white letters with a black outline. Inside the starburst, the words 'GIVEN' and 'MAKE MONEY TOO!' are also written in white. The starburst is surrounded by numerous illustrations of different prizes: a piano camera, a boy's radio, binoculars, a girl's hat and fishing kit, a sports equipment set (baseball bats and gloves), a battery, a lamp, a walking doll, a hunting rifle, a chemistry set, a typewriter, a tire wheelie, a target, a guitar, a train, a car, a radio, a lamp, a boy's radio, a girl's radio, a boy's guitar, and a girl's guitar. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century commercial art.

PRIZES GIVEN

MAKE
MONET
TOO!

**MAKE
MONEY
TOO!**

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page... or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many other valuable items.

You don't risk or invest a cent — we send you everything you need on trust. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Mount plaques. Many buy six, or more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 36¢, sell on sight. You can secure big, rash commissions or many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Motions. Big Prize catalog sent FREE.

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Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship *At Once*. Prepaid, your first set of 24 big size 9 x 11, richly decorated Mottoes **On Trust**. When you have sold the 21 Mottoes, send the \$8.40 you have collected, and you can assure yourself of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer ten *Even Money*, send \$6.00 and keep \$1.10. Hurry, send now for 24 Mottoes **On Trust** and Big Prize Catalogue.

110 BROTH CHAMPI

EXTRA! Sell more and send payment within 18 days, and we'll give you FREE a year's Membership to the FUNmen's FunClub. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials! IT'S extra-Enterprise.

The FUNman, Dept. K-159
5645 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill. 60630 **FREE** BIG PRIZE CATALOG

4545 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill. & ~~TALL CATALOG~~
Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottoes, to sell
at 35¢ each. Also include big Prize Catalog Free. I will remit
amount required as explained under description of prize
in **BIG PRIZE CATALOG** within 30 days and select the prize
I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET OF BED

TOWN Zone ... STATE

Winner LOSES

TURN back the clock to the year 1854—A century ago, America was young then, and machines and mechanical contrivances were, for the most part, in their infant stage. Let's take *submarines*, for example. Oh, they'd been talked about and theorized over aplenty, and it had even gotten to the point of a few crude attempts being made—but that was all there was to it. As far as an efficient and workable submarine went, it was a joke. But you couldn't prove it by either Fred Manners or George Bulkely.

The men were rivals in more ways than one. To begin with, both were vitally interested in creating an underseas craft that worked. Further, both were enamored of beautiful Mary Anson, one of the loveliest girls in New York State. But she found it difficult to pick between two men equally young, handsome and ambitious—and so George Bulkely came to Fred Manners with a proposition. "We'll both lose out unless one of us steps aside," he said, "so let's make it a contest! As soon as we both complete our submarines, we'll make a test dive off Bradley Beach—and the one who stays down longest gets a clear field with her!"

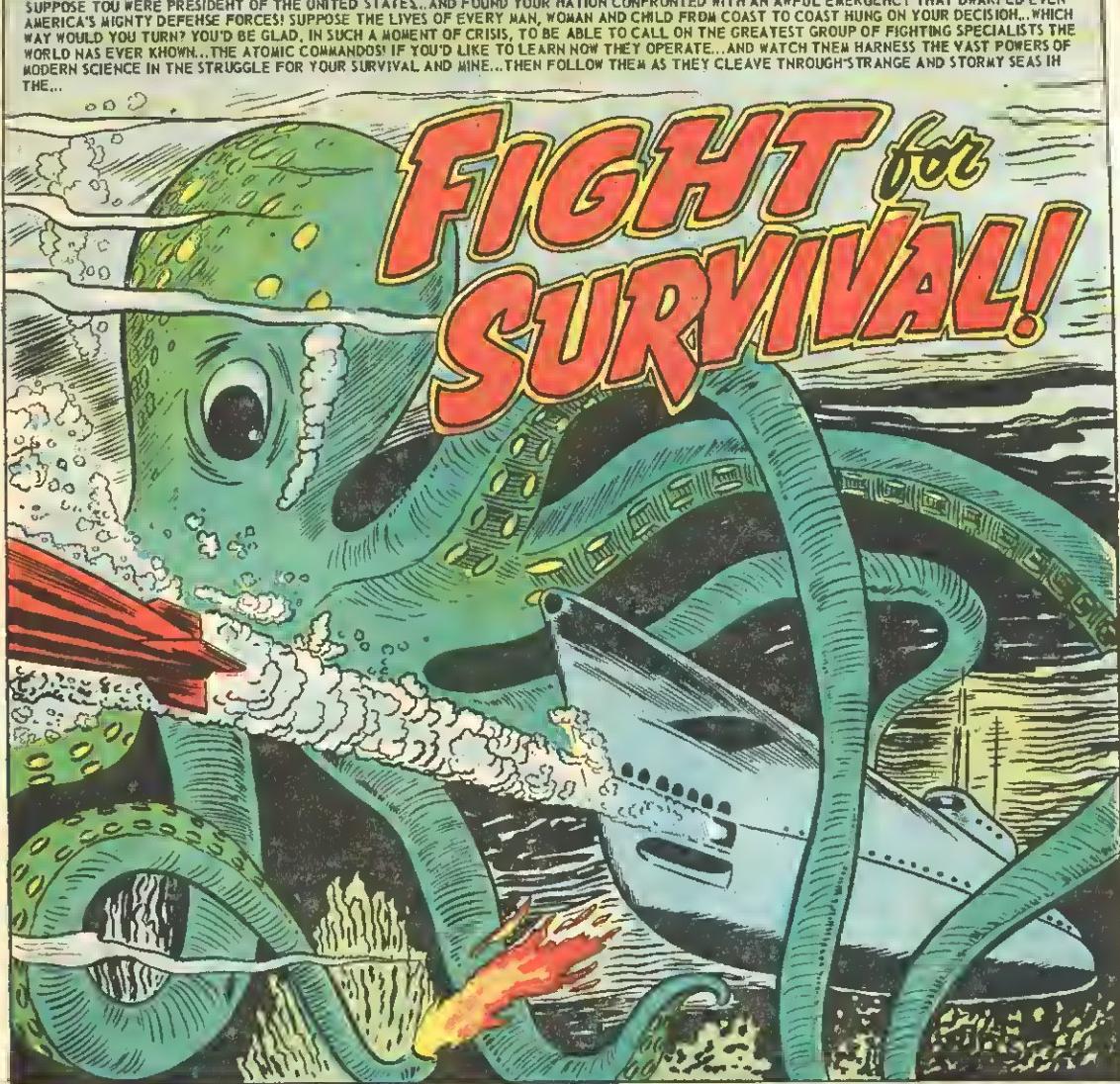
Fred agreed—though in his heart, he knew he shouldn't. He didn't have the money, the research or manufacturing facilities that his rival possessed, and therefore, the chances of him building as efficient an underseas craft were not nearly as good. But within him, there burned the hope that labor, inspiration and imaginative planning would win out for him. The boat he was building was wrought of heavy, solid oak, joined well and skillfully. Its tanks, which sucked in water to dive and cleared for ascent, were carved by hand with loving care. There was but one flaw—one which Fred recognized. That was the small size of the sub. Designed as a one-man affair, it couldn't hold any large quantity of air—but the hope was that since the crew was comprised of Fred alone, not much air would be consumed—and the sub could stay down for a goodly period. Fred even allowed himself to grow optimistic—until the day of the contest dawned, and, for the first time, he saw the submarine which George Bulkely had built. His heart sank as he saw a sleek, polished craft at least three times the size of his own, gleaming and expensively wrought. He saw the pity in Mary's eyes as she made

the inevitable comparison, and flinched at George's mocking words. "Expect to beat me with *that*?" the man sneered. "This isn't a baby-judging contest, you know! *My* sub's a professional job—carries a crew of six!"

"I'll still stay down longer," retorted Fred bravely. "After all, I don't have to worry about air for that many men!" He saw a sudden thoughtful, scheming look come into George's eyes as he turned away. There was no time for further verbal sparring—it was time for the contest! At a given signal, both submarines dived cleanly. Fred listened to the rush of water in his tanks, breathing shallowly in the darkness. He wouldn't risk a light—that took oxygen! Down, down, down—the pressure on his ears increasing relentlessly! And now, at last, he was resting on the bottom, settling down to wait George out. He peered through a porthole into the dim gray depths—and gasped in horror. There was the hulk of George's submarine, bearing down on him at full speed. It wasn't an accident—it couldn't be an accident, the rending crash that followed. Fred was thrown helter-skelter across the small interior. Half-dazed, his mind in a whirl, he checked the craft for injuries. A slight seeping of water at one of the seams filled him with horror—because it meant that within a matter of minutes at the outside, the craft would be swamped and he would find a watery grave. Desperately he lunged for his crude controls, praying that they would respond. A blessed sound came to him—the gurgling of water being forced from the tanks—and in response, the craft lifted from the bottom and slowly surged upwards, towards the surface and safety. Yes, Fred Manners lived to tell the tale. And George? Well, he won the bet—because his submarine stayed down longer. The only trouble was that he never came up to collect, because the very collision whereby he had attempted to put Fred out of the running opened the plates of his own craft, and all aboard perished by drowning. And so it was that Fred won his Mary, and lived to become one of America's greatest pioneers in underwater craft. His contributions were legion, paving the way for much of America's later progress, culminating in the mighty atomic submarine itself. Which was quite a record—for a man whose first craft had lost a historic bet!

SUPPOSE YOU WERE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES... AND FOUND YOUR NATION CONFRONTED WITH AN AWFUL EMERGENCY THAT DWARFED EVEN AMERICA'S MIGHTY DEFENSE FORCES! SUPPOSE THE LIVES OF EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD FROM COAST TO COAST HUNG ON YOUR DECISION... WHICH WAY WOULD YOU TURN? YOU'D BE GLAD, IN SUCH A MOMENT OF CRISIS, TO BE ABLE TO CALL ON THE GREATEST GROUP OF FIGHTING SPECIALISTS THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN... THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS! IF YOU'D LIKE TO LEARN HOW THEY OPERATE... AND WATCH THEM HARNESS THE VAST POWERS OF MODERN SCIENCE IN THE STRUGGLE FOR YOUR SURVIVAL AND MINE... THEN FOLLOW THEM AS THEY CLEAVE THROUGH STRANGE AND STORMY SEAS IN THE...

FIGHT *for* SURVIVAL!



THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN EVEN DESTINY HANGS IN THE BALANCE... WHEN THE MIND, SHOCKED, TURNS AWAY IN THE FACE OF DISASTER! THIS WAS SUCH A MOMENT... AS A TERRIFIC VOLCANIC EXPLOSION RIPPED ASUNDER COMMANDER BILL BATTLE'S PLANE... AND DEATH REACHED FOR TWO BRAVE MEN ON WHOM THEIR COUNTRY DEPENDED SO GREATLY...



BUT FATE MANIFESTS ITSELF IN QUEER WAYS! WHAT HAPPENED THERE MAY HAVE BEEN A ONE-IN-A-MILLION CHANCE... BUT IT FOLLOWED PERFECTLY NATURAL LAWS! THE BLAST FROM OUT OF THE CRATER HALTED THE DOWNWARD IMPETUS OF THE PLANE... AND A LUCKY LEDGE DID THE REST!



LUCKY THESE FLYING SUITS HAVE AN ASBESTOS BASE! WE'D HAVE FRIED OTHERWISE!

YOU'RE--RIGHT, BILL! JUST THINK OF THOSE POOR FOLKS THAT WERE BEING KIDNAPPED IN THAT ROCKET THAT PLUNGED DOWN HERE AHEAD OF US --DEAD, ALL OF THEM!

OF COURSE...THEY HAD TO BE DEAD! THAT'S WHY IT CAME AS SUCH A STUNNING SURPRISE, DAYS LATER...THAT WEIRD MESSAGE FROM SOME UNKNOWN SOURCE, - WRITTEN IN LETTERS OF FLAME ACROSS THE SKIES THEMSELVES..CAUSING NEAR PANIC THROUGHOUT THE NATION...

YOUR KIDNAPPED LEADERS STILL LIVE! PLEDGE NEVER TO USE ATOMIC POWER AND THEY WILL BE RETURNED TO YOU

ABBOARD THE ATOMIC SUB...

THE REASON'S CLEAR ENOUGH-- THOSE STRANGE GIANTS MUST BE SO CONSTITUTED THAT ATOMIC POWER IS DEADLY TO THEM, THREATENS THEIR VERY EXISTENCE! BUT THOSE PEOPLE THEY TOOK--HOW CAN THEY BE ALIVE.. UNLESS...

THAT NIGHT, A TOP PRIORITY MESSAGE SPED THROUGH THE ETHER, ON A SECRET WAVE LENGTH IT WAS FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES..DESTINATION, THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS!

REPORT TO WASHINGTON IMMEDIATELY FOR EMERGENCY MEETING RE PRESENT THREAT TO AMERICAN SECURITY!

IT WAS A HISTORIC SESSION...FOR OUT OF IT EMERGED A PLAN SO DARING AS TO STAGGER THE IMAGINATION! IT HAD STARTED ON A NOTE OF NEAR-DESPAIR...

BUT SUPPOSING WE DESTROYED OUR ATOMIC INSTALLATIONS, AS THEY SEEM TO DESIRE--HOW ABOUT RUSSIA? IT WOULD BE AN INVITATION FOR THEM TO ATTACK US! NOW WHATEVER PLANET THESE GIANTS HAIL FROM--

ONE MOMENT, MR. PRESIDENT--HERE'S A MESSAGE WHICH CONCERN'S ALL OF US!

SECRET SERVICE HAS DUG UP SOME FARMER'S KID WHO CLAIMS THAT LAST WEEK HE SAW A FLOTILLA OF THOSE ENEMY ROCKETS COME UP OUT OF THE SAME CRATER INTO WHICH THE ROCKET CARRYING OUR MISSING FOLKS DESCENDED! I SUBMIT THAT THOSE ROCKETS NEVER CAME FROM ANY OTHER PLANET BUT OUR OWN! THEY'RE --FROM THE CENTER OF THE EARTH!



YES, IT ALL CHECKED! THE GIANTS HAD TO COME FROM SOME POINT NEAR ENOUGH TO BE AFFECTIONATE BY OUR ATOMIC RADIATIONS... IT COULDN'T BE ANOTHER PLANET! THEIR BODIES, ACCUSTOMED TO RESIST FIRE... THE ORILLS ON THEIR ROCKETS, TO BORE FRO MTHE CENTER OF THE EARTH UPWARDS... AND DOWN AGAIN...

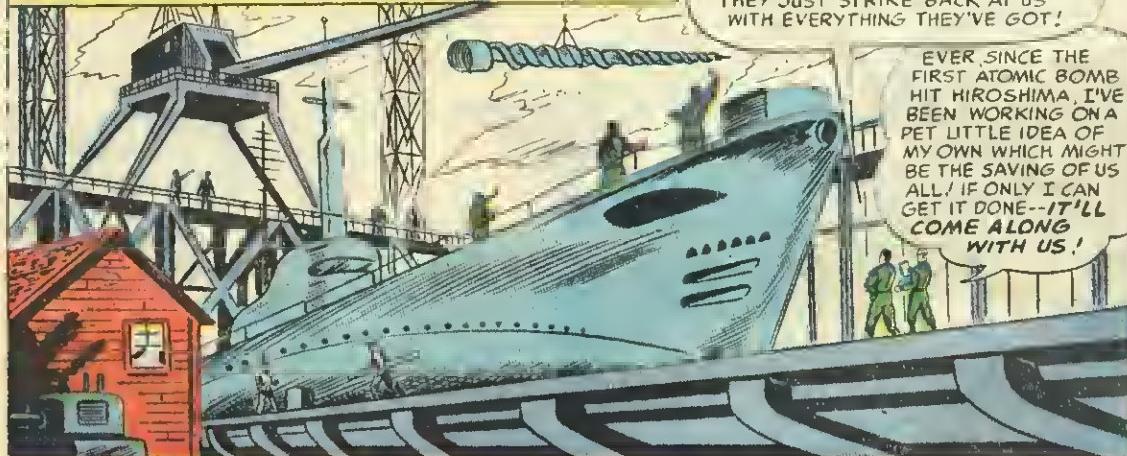
RIGHT! THEY MUST HAVE PICKED THAT CRATER BECAUSE IT WAS A DEEP FLAW IN THE EARTH'S CRUST! THAT ONE ROCKET RETURNED SAFELY, I'M BETTING--AND THE ERUPTION WAS JUST A RELEASE OF ACCUMULATED GASES FROM BENEATH WHICH MARKED ITS PASSING!



IT WASN'T AS SIMPLE AS SAYING IT, OF COURSE! A MIGHTY SOURCE OF ENERGY WAS AVAILABLE FOR THE STUPENDOUS TASK AHEAD... BUT WHAT WAS NEEDED WAS THAT IT BE LEASHED TO THE PROPER DEVICE! THE WORLD'S MOST GIGANTIC DRILL, TEMPERED TO DIAMOND HARDNESS! FRANTICALLY, THE PROJECT WAS RUSHED TOWARDS COMPLETION... WITH SWARMS OF MEN WORKING 'ROUND THE CLOCK...

IN--IN THAT CASE, WE'RE LICKED! THERE'S NO WAY TO GET AT THEM DOWN THERE!

YOU'RE FORGETTING THE GREATEST SOURCE OF POWER IN THE WORLD, SIR-- THE ATOMIC SUB! ATOMIC COMMANDOS REPORTING FOR DUTY, MR. PRESIDENT--WE'LL TAKE IT DOWN OR DIE TRYING!



SO A SURPRISE RAID SCOUTS OUT THEIR STRENGTH-- AND WE MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO RESCUE OUR KIDNAPPED PEOPLE! THEN WHAT? THEY JUST STRIKE BACK AT US WITH EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT!

EVER SINCE THE FIRST ATOMIC BOMB HIT HIROSHIMA, I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A PET LITTLE IDEA OF MY OWN WHICH MIGHT BE THE SAVING OF US ALL! IF ONLY I CAN GET IT DONE--IT'LL COME ALONG WITH US!

IF ONLY HE COULD GET IT DONE! IT CALLED FOR DAYS AND NIGHTS OF EFFORT, WHILE THE SUB-HARMEHE HEARED COMPLETION...

AND FINALLY...

AW, C'MON,
DOC! CAN'TCHA
EVEN GIVE
US A HINT
WHAT IT IS?

UH-UH, TONY.
JUST LET'S
HOPE THAT
WE NEVER
HAVE TO
USE IT!



ALL WAS IN READINESS NOW! WITH THE HOPES AND FEARS OF THE NATION HANGING IN THE BALANCE, THE ATOMIC SUB SLID DOWN THE WAYS... READY FOR WHATEVER LAY AHEAD!



THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS SOUGHT A NEW WAY INTO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH...NOT THE SAME VOLCANO AND THROUGH WHICH THE INVADERS HAD MADE THEIR WAY, FOR THAT ROUTE MIGHT BE GUARDED! THEY FOUND IT IN AN EXTINCT CRATER, FAR BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE DEATH...



THEY ENTERED...AND WITH A FIERCE, SUSTAINED RUMBLE, THE HUGE DRILL TOOK OVER! THIS WAS ATOMIC POWER IN PURE AND CONCENTRATED FORM! MILE AFTER MILE AT EARTH-SNAKING SPEED...DOWN...DOWN...DOWN!



VIBRATION...VIBRATION...TEARING AT THE EARS, JARRING THE BACKBONE UNTIL A MAN COULD SCREAM IT WAS MORE THAN HUMAN FLESH COULD TOLERATE...

I--I'LL GO CRAZY IF THIS--KEEPS UP--CAN'T STAND IT--

WE'VE GOT TO HANG ON JUST A LITTLE LONGER!
WE'VE GOT TO!



THEN, SUDDENLY, THE AWFUL WHIRRING CEASED...THE TREMORS VANISHED. THEY HAD BROKEN THROUGH INTO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH...AND WERE FLOATING, FREE, IN A BOILING SEA!



THESE WERE THINGS SUCH AS THE MEN FROM THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH HAD NEVER SEEN...BEINGS FROM OUT OF A WEIRD DREAM! THEY SEEMED HALF HUMAN, HALF FISH AS THEY SWARMED TOWARDS THE SUBMARINE...

I--I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE **THOSE** IN ALL MY BORN DAYS! YOU THINK MAYBE WE SHOULD GIVE 'EM A BURST OF OUR GUNS, BILL?



BUT YOU'RE WRONG, BILL BATTLE! KEEP YOUR EYE ON THESE ODD CREATURES! THEY'VE SWUM BACK OUT OF RANGE NOW, BUT IT ISN'T RETREAT! LOOK...THEY'RE JOINING HANDS, RINGING THE ATOMIC SUB! AND NOW THEY'RE MOVING IN...AND THE FLAMES WHICH SURROUND THEIR BODIES HAVE FANNED OUT DANGEROUSLY!



CLOSER...CLOSER...AND AS THE CIRCLE GREW SMALLER, THE FIRE GREW IN INTENSITY! IT WAS A SOLID WALL NOW, THROUGH WHICH THE BODIES OF THE ATTACKERS COULD BE SEEN BUT DIMLY! THE OBJECT WAS PLAIN...THE VISITORS FROM ABOVE WERE TO BE BURNED TO A CRISP!



AROUND THEM, THE WATER SEETHED AND BUBBLED...AND THE SUBMARINE'S PLATES HISSED AT RED HEAT! THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS HAD PREPARED FOR MID-EARTH TEMPERATURES BY INSTALLING SPECIAL REFRIGERATION EQUIPMENT...BUT NOTHING LIKE THIS HAD BEEN EXPECTED!

WHAT--WHAT
ARE WE
GOING TO
SHOOT AT--
FIRE?

CAN'T--
STAND IT--
BURNING UP--

WE CAN'T
LIKE THIS!
WE'VE GOT
TO FIGHT!

THEY DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN, BUT OTHER EYES WERE WITNESSING THE STRANGE COMBAT & FATEFUL DECISION WAS BEING PASSED...A DECISION WHICH CHANGED THE SHAPE OF HUMAN HISTORY!

GOOD! LET
THE INVADERS
PERISH!

ALWAYS BLOODTHIRSTY, MONTILLA!
WHY HAVE THEY KILLED BY OUR
ENEMIES? LET THEM LEARN WE MEAN
THEM NO HARM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT
WHAT THEY DID TO US! QUICK--SAVE
THEM WHILE WE CAN--AND
BRING THEM TO ME!

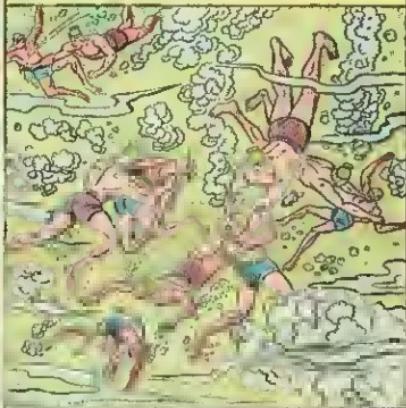


MEANWHILE, THE ATOMIC SUB FOUGHT BRAVELY...BUT THE CAUSE SEEMED HOPELESS AGAIN AND AGAIN THE DEFENDERS FIRED THROUGH THE ENCLING WALL OF FLAME...BUT FOR EVERY FIRE CREATURE THAT WAS BLASTED INTO NONEXISTENCE, TWO MORE SWARDED IN THE SITUATION WERE DESPERATE...BUT AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT, BURSTING THROUGH THE OPPOSITION...

IT'S THE GIANTS! WOW!
LOOK AT 'EM BREAK
UP THAT FORMATION!



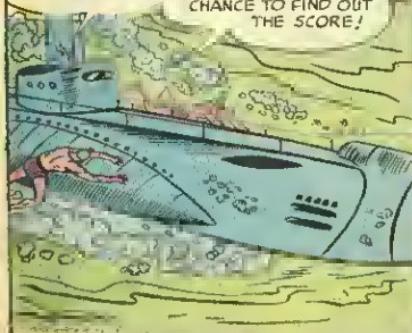
NOW THE FLAMES DIED DOWN...BECAUSE THESE ALMOST HUMAN FIRE-FISH KNEW THEY COULD DO NO GOOD AGAINST THEIR HUGE ANTAGONISTS! THE STRUGGLE WAS BRIEF...AND FOR ONE SIDE...FATAL!



THE BATTLE OVER, THE GIANTS TURNED THEIR ATTENTION TO THE ATOMIC SUB, HERDING IT THROUGH THE DEPTHS...PRISONER OF A FRIENDLY FOE!

WHAT GIVES?
THEY SEEM TO
BE TAKING
US SOMEWHERE!

OKAY--LET 'EM! THEY
CAN'T BE SO BAD IF THEY
SAVED US! BESIDES,
THIS IS OUR ONLY
CHANCE TO FIND OUT
THE SCORE!



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THEY REACHED SHORE...A STRANGE CIVILIZATION STOOD...

WHAT A PLACE THIS
IS!--HEY, THOSE
BENT-OVER CHARACTERS
IN FUR--WHAT ARE
THEY?

THE BELOTTI--OUR SLAVES!
NO MORE QUESTIONS--NOT
UNTIL OUR LEADER HAS
SPOKEN TO YOU!



EARTH AND SUB-EARTH STOOD FACE TO FACE...AND CLASHED!

THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS SAW...AND THEIR HEARTS WITHERED WITHIN THEM...

AMERICA REGRETS THAT IT CANNOT BOW TO YOUR ULTIMATUM! ATOMIC WEAPONS ARE OUR DEFENSE--WITHOUT THEM, WE MIGHT PERISH!

AND WITH THEM, WE HERE WILL PERISH! WE HAD HOPED NOT TO HAVE TO USE MORE POTENT METHODS, BUT IF IT'S OUR SURVIVAL THAT'S AT STAKE--LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT WE HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU!

THIS IS THE OUTLET TO A HUGE, FLAMING SEA THAT LIES BENEATH US EXERTING TREMENDOUS PRESSURE ON THE EARTH'S CRUST! DEFY OUR ULTIMATUM AND HUGE DRILLS SUCH AS THAT ONE WILL COMMENCE TUNNELING UP TOWARDS THE SURFACE!

MERCIFUL--HEAVENS!



AH--YOU REALIZE WHAT WILL HAPPEN! THE BURNING SEA WILL BREAK THROUGH TO THE SURFACE AND SPREAD OVER THE ENTIRE EARTH, CONSUMING IT ENTIRELY! GO BACK TO YOUR LAND AND TELL THEM THIS--THAT UNLESS THEY ABANDON ATOMIC POWER--DEATH WILL BE THEIR FATE!



ARE YOU MAD? RELEASE THEM, AND WHO KNOWS WHAT WEAPON THE SURFACE PEOPLE MAY BE ABLE TO TURN AGAINST US BEFORE THE FLAMING SEA BREAKS THROUGH!

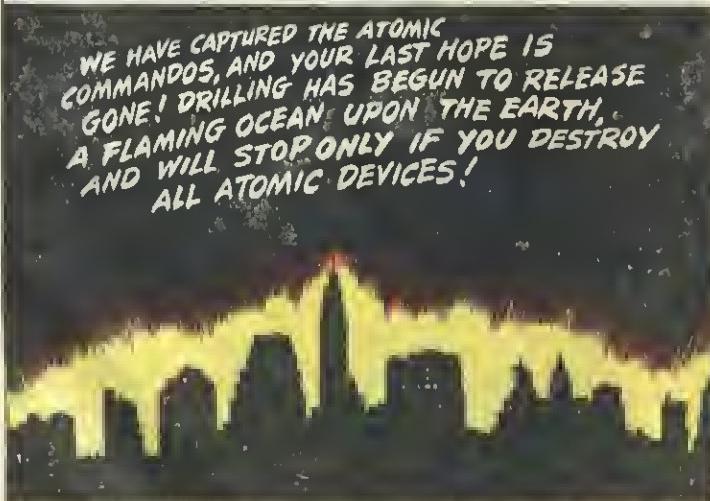
HMM...PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, MONTILLA! I HAVE THEM IMPRISONED, WHILE WE PLAN FURTHER!



THAT NIGHT, THE STRANGE SCIENCE FROM THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH MADE ITSELF FELT ONCE AGAIN..EMBLAZONING A FRIGHTENING MESSAGE ON THE SKIES ABOVE AMERICA!

ONCE AGAIN, THE PRESIDENT CALLED FOR AN EMERGENCY SESSION.

WE HAVE CAPTURED THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS, AND YOUR LAST HOPE IS GONE! DRILLING HAS BEGUN TO RELEASE A FLAMING OCEAN UPON THE EARTH, AND WILL STOP ONLY IF YOU DESTROY ALL ATOMIC DEVICES!



I COUNSEL IMMEDIATE SURRENDER--TO SAVE OUR CIVILIZATION!

GENTLEMEN, I PROPOSE A CALCULATED RISK! TRUE, THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS MAY BE PRISONERS--BUT I KNOW THEM! RATHER THAN BOW TO AN ENEMY ULTIMATUM--LET'S GIVE BILL BATTLE AND HIS BOYS ONE LAST CHANCE!



ONE LAST CHANCE! BUT AS THE DESTINY-LADEN MOMENTS PASSED, THERE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH THAT THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS COULD DO TO SAVE A DOOMED WORLD...

AND HERE WE ARE-- PRISONERS... AND I CAN'T BREAK THESE CONFOUNDED CHAINS!

I OVERHEARD THEM SAYING THEY'VE GOT OUR KIDNAPPED LEADERS ON A FORTRESS ISLAND-- MUST BE THAT ONE OUT THERE!"

HOLD IT! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE ESCAPE ARTIST AROUND HERE-- ANYBODY GOT A WIRE?

HERE'S A GOLD TOOTH-PICK!

THE LOCKS WERE FOOLPROOF...BUT THIS WAY TONY GARDELLA, NOTED CIRCUS ESCAPE ARTIST WHOSE EXPLOITS RIVALED HOUDINI'S! INTENTLY, PATIENTLY HE WORKED...UNTIL...

THAT DOES IT! I'LL TRY MY LUCK ON THE DOOR NOW!

THE LOCKS ON THE CELL DOOR WERE MULTIPLE AND INTRICATE...BUT THEY, TOO, OPENED BEFORE THE MAGIC OF HIS SKILLED FINGERS! DOWN A CORRIDOR THEY CREPT...ONLY TO FIND THE ROUTE TO FREEDOM CUT OFF!

NOW WHAT? EVEN SEE THIS? IT'S THE LATEST MUSH-MUSH WEAPON THE OUT, THE NOISE SECRET SERVICE IS WOULD BRING USING--A SUPER-THE WHOLE POWER ANESTHETIC SHEBANG DOWN CAPSULE! WATCH IT WORK!

CAREFULLY, COMMANDER BILL BATTLE THROWN THE SMALL OBJECT! YOU COULD HARDLY HEAR THE SOFT IMPACT OF ITS EXPLOSION... BUT AS THE STREAMERS OF PUNGENT VAPOR FANNED OUT, THE GIANTS CLUTCHED AT THEIR THROATS...AND FELL!



THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS THOUGHT THE WAY WAS CLEAR NOW...ONLY TO FIND STILL ANOTHER IMPEDIMENT TO ESCAPE! IT WAS MONTILLA, CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL GUARD, CHOISING THIS ILL-FATED MOMENT FOR HIS EXTRAHCE! HE MET CHAMP'S CHARGE WITH THE STRANGE DOUBLE RAY WHICH THESE CENTER-OF-THE-EARTH GIANTS COULD SUMMON FROM THEIR EYES...AND CHAMP STAGGERED BEFORE THE RESULTANT BRAIN-SHOCK...

SO--YOU SEEK TO FLEE! NEVER! NOT WHILE I STAND IN YOUR PATH!

THAT WON'T BE LONG, BROTHER! I'LL--UGH!



BUT EACH OF THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS WAS A SPECIALIST...AND CHAMP'S SPECIALTY WAS STRENGTH! THE RAY HAD HIT HIM BUT GLARINGLY...BUT IT STILL TOOK ALL OF HIS MIGHTY POWER TO RECOVER, PLUNGE TO THE ATTACK! HE SUMMONED EVERY SINEW FOR THE TERRIFIC BLOW HE STRUCK, AND IT BLASTED MONTILLA DOWN...AND OUT!



THEY FOUND THE ATOMIC SUB UNGUARDED AND SWARMED ABOARD! DESTINATION...THE FORTRESS ISLAND WHERE THE KIDNAPPED MEN WERE BEING HELD!

CROWD ON ALL SPEED BEFORE THEY DISCOVER WE'VE ESCAPED! I WANT TO HIT THAT ISLAND IN A SURPRISE ATTACK!



IT SEEMED SIMPLE, THIS IDEA OF A SURPRISE ONSET WHICH WOULD LIBERATE THE KIDNAPPED AMERICANS! BUT THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE WAY TO THE ISLAND WAS BARRED BY AN AWFUL DEFENDER...BY A GIGANTIC NIGHTMARE CREATURE THAT STAGGERED THE IMAGINATION! THEY DIDN'T SEE IT AS IT ROSE FROM THE DEPTHS BEHIND THEM, FLARING TENTACLES READY TO POUNCE, CLUTCH...



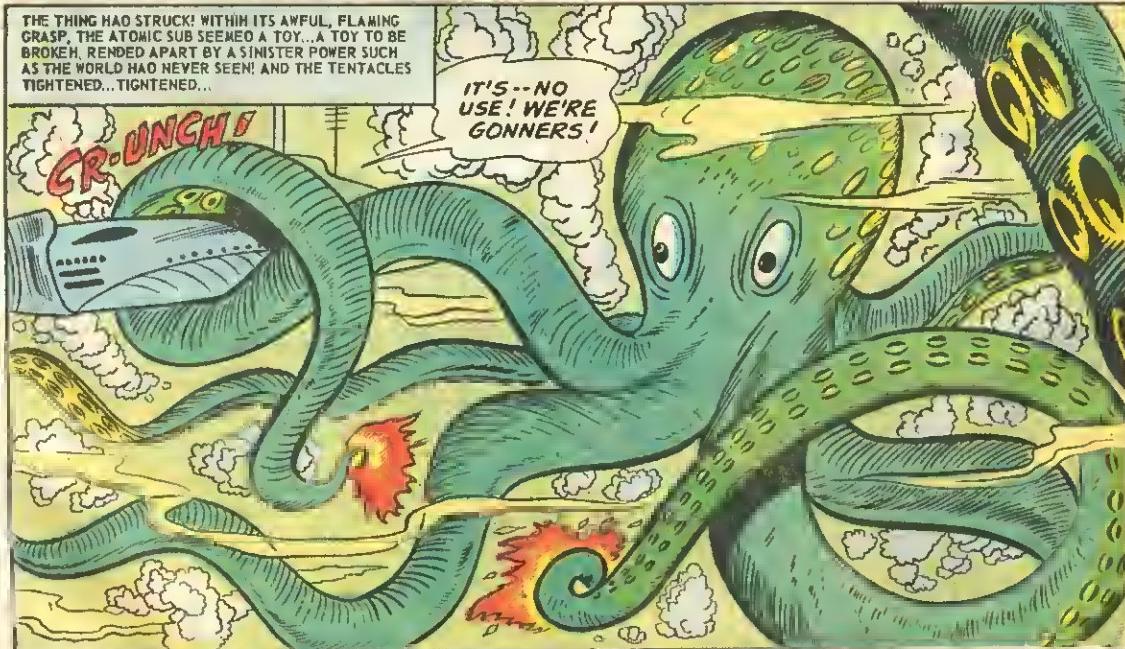
THEY DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHEN IT MOVED IN TO THE ATTACK, READY TO DESTROY THE ALIEN INVADER THAT HAD DARED ENTER ITS PROVINCE...



HEY, WHAT ARE WE RUNNING INTO ANYWAY? SUDDENLY IT'S GOTTEN -- DARK!



THE THING HAD STRUCK! WITHIN ITS AWFUL, FLAMING GRASP, THE ATOMIC SUB SEEMED A TOY...A TOY TO BE BROKEN, RENDED APART BY A SINISTER POWER SUCH AS THE WORLD HAD NEVER SEEN! AND THE TENTACLES TIGHTENED...TIGHTENED...



AND SO, DOWN DEEP IN THE CENTER OF THE EARTH, FOUR LIVES HUNG IN THE BALANCE! UPON THEM DEPENDED THE FATE OF A NATION, OF A WORLD! IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THERE'S A CHANCE FOR THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS...BUT FOR THE SURPRISE OF A LIFETIME, SEE THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF THIS THRILL-A-SECOND CHILLER...COMPLETE IN THIS VERY ISSUE!

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The HOAX that BACKFIRED!

IN many ways, the Secret Service is just like any other large organization. For one thing, its personnel enjoys "hazing" new recruits, and of all fledgling workers, none was greener or more innocent than Carl Farnum. That's why there was much suppressed merriment, peering through the door and eavesdropping when Johnnie Andrews, practical joker and veteran in the bureau, summoned him to his office. Poor Carl didn't even know that Johnnie didn't have the right to hand out assignments. Just back from two years in Korea, there was much he didn't know about people and things on the current scene. He just listened respectfully as Johnnie spoke—and agreed. "You're assigned to guard a Mr. William Battle," Johnnie began. "He's got a little something to do with that atomic submarine you may have heard about. Strictly administrative, of course—but the guy is an incompetent, practically needs a nursemaid! A softy, too—scared of his own shadow! You've got to watch out for him, and see that nobody picks on him, or steals anything from him! Just report aboard the submarine, tell him you've come to take over—and don't take any back talk!"

And so innocent, green Carl Farnum left on his job, and the whole bureau rocked with laughter. Imagine a sap like Farnum who didn't know that Commander Bill Battle was a fighting fool and had himself been one of the greatest Secret Service operatives in history—that he was skipper of the Atomic Sub and leader of that great task force, the Atomic Commandos! Dopey Farnum would barge on board, run headlong into Commander Bill and get his ears roasted off for him! Oh, it would be a wonderful joke!

Let's see how much of a joke it was. It was night as Carl approached the government dock at which the Atomic Sub was moored. He approached the gate at which two burly sailors were on guard, and presented his credentials. Suddenly he caught a movement out of the corner of his eye, and whirled just as one of the sailors brought down a blackjack viciously. Combat experience, which had almost become second nature with him in Korea, took over. Dodging fast, he whipped over a terrific blow to the jaw that stretched out his attacker, dead to the world—then spun to meet the onset of the second man. This time it was a fast jin jitsu

tactic, with victory assured as his victim's head cracked sickeningly into a wooden piling.

Carl Farnum may have been green, but he was no fool, because the Secret Service doesn't take fools. Obviously, the two sailors had been impostors, which meant that a plot was afoot against the Atomic Submarine and its military secrets—a plot which was even then in progress! Silently, he crept aboard. That blaze of light—there was something doing in there. Peering in cautiously, he saw six men—and a seventh, dark, lithe and brawny, but bearing the marks of a terrific manhandling. The leader of the six men held a gun on him. "Quite a fight you put up," he was sneering, "but it didn't do much good, did it? It's not going to stop us from dismantling the atomic motivator which is the heart of this submarine—and taking it to the—er—proper parties! But before that, there's a special bonus in it for us if we get rid of the man who's meant so much to America's fighting plans—you! So—here goes!"

He raised his gun—and Carl chose this moment to swarm into action. He entered like a bolt from the blue, striking down the would-be assassin with a blow of his gun-but. As the man's pistol dropped from his nerveless grasp, Carl was gratified to see the intended victim pounce upon it like a cat. Then the two men turned to meet the charge of the others, using guns and fists in a terrific battle for survival. And, as he fought, Carl was conscious of the fact that he'd never seen a man who handled himself with the catlike strength and deadly striking power of his companion. The fight was over soon—victoriously! As the two men faced each other and smiled, Carl mopped his brow. "Whew!" he murmured. "All this before I even get onto the job I was assigned to! Tell me, do you know where I can find a scared softy named—what was it—oh, yes! William Battle! I'm supposed to protect him!"

"I'm him!" smiled Commander Bill Battle.

It hit the Secret Service Bureau like an earthquake. Can you imagine—a green rookie like Carl Farnum—hardly comes on the job when he's promoted—right over the heads of veterans like Johnnie Andrews! And Andrews, practical joker that he was, needed all his humor to swallow that one!

YOU'VE HEARD THE EXPRESSION ABOUT THERE BEING MORE THINGS ON EARTH THAN THE MIND OF MAN EVER DREAMED OF? LET'S EXTEND OUR SPHERE...CONSIDER THINGS OUTSIDE THE EARTH: WHAT STAGGERING POSSIBILITIES SUCH A PROSPECT OFFERS THE IMAGINATION...BUT NOTHING NEARLY AS STAGGERING AS THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS FOUND IN THEIR HAIR-RAISING EXPEDITION TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH! IT WAS AN EXPEDITION ON WHOSE SUCCESS DEPENDED THE VERY FUTURE OF CIVILIZATION...BUT COMMANDER BILL BATTLE AND HIS FIGHTING FORCE FACED STAGGERING ODDS! ARRAYED AGAINST THEM WAS AN EMPIRE OF GIANTS...HUGE, COURAGEOUS WARRIORS OF SUPER INTELLIGENCE! A FIGHT TO THE FINISH LOOMED, IN WHICH AMERICA'S MIGHTY SECRET WEAPON WAS DESTINED TO PLAY A MAJOR ROLE! FOR BLAZING ACTION AND TENSE EXCITEMENT, ALL ABOARD THE...

ATOMIC SUB!

COMMANDER BILL BATTLE

CHAMP RUGGLES

DOC BLAKE

TONY GARDELLA

SOMETIMES, IN NIGHTMARES, YOU'VE DREAMED OF BEING HELPLESS IN THE CLUTCHES OF SOME AWFUL MONSTER, WITH DEATH REELING CLOSE! BUT HERE'S A NIGHTMARE COME ALIVE...IN ALL ITS HIDEOUS REALITY! MORTAL MAN HAD NEVER SEEN THE LIKE OF THIS FLAMING THING, WHICH HAD GRIPPED THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS IN A GRIM TRAP FROM WHICH ESCAPE SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE! IN A MOMENT, BENEATH THE TIGHTENING TENTACLES, THE HULL MUST SHATTER...

CR-RUNCHA!

THAT--THAT THING'S
ON TOP OF US--
AND THERE'S
NO WAY TO
GET AT IT!

LOOKS FROM HERE
AS IF ONE OF HIS
TENTACLES IS RIGHT
OVER A TORPEDO
TUBE!

GOOD!
NOW
THERE'S
SOME-
THING WE
CAN DO!



A HISS OF COMPRESSED AIR...AND A TORPEDO SHOT FROM THE TUBE, RIPPING AWAY ONE OF THE MONSTROUS TENTACLES! THERE WAS A BUBBLING SHRIEK OF PAIN...AND THE OCTOPUS RELEASED ITS PREY!



SWIFTLY THE ATOMIC SUB GLIDED AWAY, THEN TURNED...AND HOVERING MOTIONLESSLY, AWAITED THE CHARGE OF THE MADDENED CREATURE! AND AS IT SWARDED TO THE ATTACK, AGAIN CAME THAT SUSTAINED HISS...AND A SECOND TORPEDO...



BUT NOW THE PROJECTILE WAS TIMED FOR SHORT-RANGE DETONATION! IT HIT SQUARELY...BLOWING THE MONSTER TO BITS!



WELL -- THERE GOES OUR IDEA OF PULLING A SURPRISE RAID TO RELEASE OUR KIDNAPPED MEN THEY'RE HOLDING! THAT UNDERWATER EXPLOSION WILL HAVE ALERTED EVERYONE ON THE ISLAND!

RIGHT, DOC--BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA! REMEMBER THE BELOTTI-- THE GIANTS' SLAVES? THEY'D BE HUMAN SIZE IF THEY EVER STRAIGHTENED UP--AND THOSE FURS THEY WEAR PRETTY MUCH HIDE

THEIR RECKLESSNESS!

WHAT I'M SUGGESTING?



ROGER! WE MAKE A RUSH TRIP BACK TO THE MAINLAND, GRAB OFF SOME OF THOSE BELOTTI CHARACTERS, TIE 'EM UP, GRAB THEIR CLOTHES AND THEN SLIP ASHORE ON THE ISLAND, DISGUISED AS THEM!



YOU GOT IT, BOY! WE'LL HAVE TO DARKEN OUR SKINS--THERE OUGHT TO BE SOMETHING IN OUR MEDICAL SUPPLIES THAT'LL DO THE JOB!

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE...AND AS THE DARING PLAN PROGRESSED...

THIS WAS A SMART IDEA OF YOURS, DOC--**POLAROID GOGGLES** TO HELP AVERT THE POWER OF THOSE BEAMS THE GIANTS SHOOT FROM THEIR EYES! WE'VE LEARNED THAT THE BEAMS HAVE TO HIT YOUR EYES TO GET IN THE BRAIN SHOCK THAT THEY PACK!

BUT WE'LL NEED WEAPONS TOO, BILL--AND REGULAR GUNS ARE TOO NOISY! WAIT A MOMENT AND I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING--



WHY, THESE MUST BE THE **ELECTRIC BOLT GUNS** YOU WERE EXPERIMENTING WITH! BUT DOC-- THEY'RE NOT **LETHAL**-- THEY DON'T HAVE TO BE! I WANTED SOMETHING **SILENT**, THAT COULD SHOCK ANY ENEMY THAT DISCOVERS US INTO INSENSIBILITY! THIS IS IT!



IT WAS A DARING CHANCE, BUT THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS TOOK IT! ARMED ONLY WITH POLAROID GLASSES AND SMALL ELECTRIC GUNS, THEY CREST ASHORE ON THE FORTRESS ISLAND UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS! WOULD THEY... COULD THEY... SUCCEED?

OKAY, PALS! GET THOSE PACKS ON YOUR BACKS AND REMEMBER TO WALK BENT OVER, WITH YOUR FACES DOWN! IF ONLY WE CAN GET PAST THE GUARDS AT THE GATE-- WE MAY MAKE IT YET!



THE SLIGHTEST FLICKER OF SUSPICION, AND THE BRAZEN PLAH WOULD COME CRASHING DOWN ABOUT THEIR EARS! IT WAS A BREATHLESS MOMENT...

WE'VE GOT TO KEEP OUR EYES OPEN! WHO KNOWS HOW NEAR THEY MAY BE?



THEY WERE IN NOW... SAFELY! THE NEXT STEP WAS TO LOCATE WHERE THE PRISONERS WERE BEING KEPT! IT PROVED SURPRISINGLY EASY...

THIS IS THE PLACE! NOW FOLLOW ME...



HALT! YOU HAVE NO BUSINESS IN HERE, BELOTTI!



IT WAS TIME NOW... TIME TO STRIKE SWIFTLY...

LET'S GO, COMMANDOS!



THE KIDNAPPED HOSTAGES DIDN'T REALIZE THAT DELIVERANCE WAS NEAR WHEN THE FUR-CLAD, FIERCE-LOOKING CREATURES RAN INTO THEIR MIDST...

DON'T BE SCARED, SENATOR NOLAN! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?

WELL, I'LL BE-- IT'S COMMANDER BILL BATTLE!

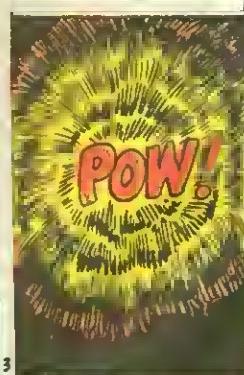
ROUND UP ALL

THE OTHERS-- WE'RE MAKING A BREAK FOR IT! HURRY!



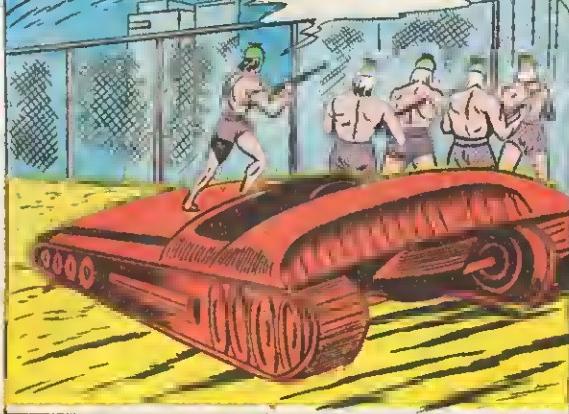
BUT NOW FATE INTERVENED WITH THE UNEXPECTED! ONE OF THE GUARDS BLASTED BY THE ELECTRIC BOLT GUNS HAD RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS... AND HIS CALL FOR HELP WENT OUT IN THE FORM OF A SUMMONING ROCKET!

POW!



IT PASSED UNNOTICED BY THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS, THIS SIGN THAT SOMETHING WAS AMISS! THEY WERE STILL ORGANIZING THE ESCAPE EFFORT WHEN ENEMY REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVED...

HURRY! FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG... AND KEEP YOUR WEAPONS ON THE READY!



IT DIDN'T TAKE THE GIANTS LONG TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS WRONG... OR TO LEAP TO THE ATTACK!

THOSE AREN'T BELOTTI! ON WITH THOSE POLAROID GLASSES... AND FIGHT! ALL YOU OTHER MEN-- TAKE SHELTER!



COMMANDER BILL BATTLE LED THE FIGHT BRAVELY...

ANYWAY-- THE GLASSES WORK! THEY'VE DEFEATED THE BRAIN SHOCK RAY THESE BABIES SHOOT FROM THEIR EYES!



BUT THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS WERE OUTNUMBERED! SLOWLY, THEY GAVE GROUND... ALL EXCEPT TONY, WHO SUCCEEDED IN MAKING HIS WAY TO A POINT BEHIND THE GIANTS... WHERE...

THEY-- THEY'VE GOT US-- UNLESS I CAN USE THIS BABY TO ADVANTAGE!



HE USED IT... SUCCESSFULLY, DRAMATICALLY...

YA-HOOO! THIS WAY, ALL ATOMIC COMMANDOS!



CLIMB ABOARD FAST! WE'RE MAKING FOR THE SUB--

--AND WE'RE NOT STOPPING FOR ANYTHING!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

"By The Thunder in
My Great Sword—
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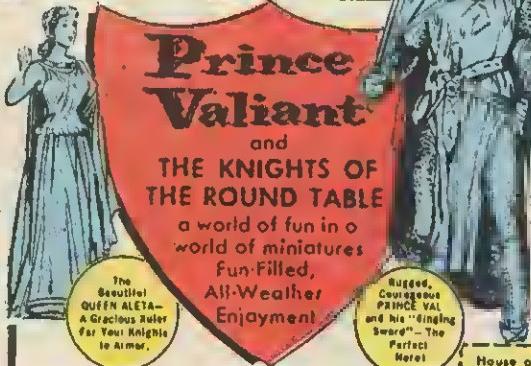
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TOP SPEED...PLUS THE ELECTRIC BOLT GUNS...WON THE WAY BACK TO THE ATOMIC SUB! THE KIDNAPPED HOSTAGES ABOARD, THEY MADE THEIR WAY ACROSS THE MOLTEN WATERS! AND THEN THE TELEVISION SCREEN PICKED UP AN OMNIOUS MESSAGE! THERE WAS NO FREEDOM YET, HOW COULD THERE EVER BE?

OMNIOUS WORDS...TRUE WORDS! A MIGHTY SOURCE OF POWER, KNOWN ONLY TO THESE STRANGE GIANTS, MOTIVATED THE GIANTIC DRILLS...AND NOW THEY HAD BEEN STEPPED UP, UP...EATING THRUH THE EARTH'S CRUST AT BLINDING SPEED...

TO YOU ABOARD THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE--WE KNOW THAT YOU HAVE RESCUED YOUR COUNTRY-MEN! BUT WILL YOU HAVE A WORLD LEFT TO TAKE THEM TO? I HAVE ORDERED OUR DRILLS INCREASED TO MAXIMUM SPEED! THEY ARE NEARING A BREAK-THROUGH--AND MOMENTARILY, A FLAMING SEA WILL SWEEP OVER THE EARTH'S SURFACE!



ALREADY, IN THE THINER SPOTS, THE HEAT AND HORROR FROM BELOW WERE BECOMING MANIFEST...THRUH THE CRATERS OF LONG-EXTINCT VOLCANOES...

AND WITHIN THE ATOMIC SUB, DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, A GRIM COUNCIL OF WAR HAD CONCLUDED...

THE PREPARATIONS WERE QUICKLY MADE! THERE WAS NO THOUGHT OF HIDING OR SECRECY HOW! THE GREAT SUBMARINE SURFACED...FOR BATTLE!



OKAY, THEN--THE DIE'S CAST!
IT'S EITHER THEM OR US--
AND THAT MEANS ALL-OUT WAR!

THE POWER FROM THOSE DRILLS MUST STEM FROM THAT BIG POWERHOUSE ON THE MAINLAND! THAT'S OUR TOP PRIORITY TARGET!



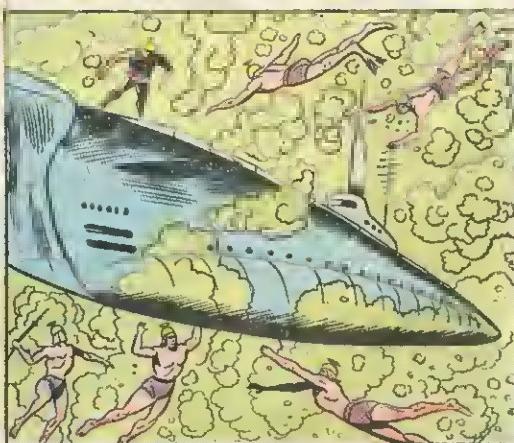
THE GIANTS WERE QUICK TO TAKE UP THE CHALLENGE! IN MOMENTS, THEY HAD OPENED UP WITH A TREMENDOUS BARRAGE...THEIR WEIRD BLACK RAYS PROBING EVERYWHERE, REPEATEDLY HAVING ON THE TOUGH HIDE OF THE ATOMIC SUB! IMPACT AFTER IMPACT REDED THE AIR...AS THE SPEEDY ATOMIC PLANE, WITH COMMANDER BILL BATTLE AT THE CONTROLS, ROARED UPWARDS!



THEY WERE OVER THE TARGET NOW, THREADING THEIR WAY AMID A SCREAMING BARRAGE! IT DIDN'T LOOK AS IF THEY COULD MAKE IT... BUT BILL BATTLE STUCK GRIMLY TO HIS PERILOUS COURSE...



WITH THAT ROARING EXPLOSION, THE POWERHOUSE CEASED TO BE! THE HUGE DRILLS WERE SILENT NOW, AS BILL AND TONY RETURNED TO THE ATOMIC SUB! QUICKLY THEY SUBMERGED IN A DESPERATE EFFORT FOR ESCAPE...BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! FROM EVERY SIDE, THE MADDENED GIANTS SWARMED TO THE ATTACK!



THEY--THEY'RE COMING FROM EVERYWHERE--AND ENOUGH OF 'EM TO TEAR US APART! AND THERE'S NOTHING WE

CAN'T GET THEM WITH TORPEDOES--

ARE YOU FORGETTING THIS SPECIAL LITTLE GADGET I INSTALLED--THE THING I SAID MIGHT TURN OUT TO BE THE SAVING OF US

IT'S TIME TO BREAK IT OUT NOW!

WHAT MANNER OF STRANGE DEVICE COULD THIS BE, THIS COLLECTION OF DIALS, WIRES AND TUBES THAT MIGHT SPELL SALVATION FOR THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS? THERE WAS NOT TIME TO SPECULATE NOW... ALREADY, THE RENDING HANDS OF THE GIANT ENEMY TORE AT THE SUBMARINE'S HULL! BUT NOW THE POUNDING FROM OUTSIDE WAS DROWNED OUT BY THE RISING WHINE OF THE WEIRD MACHINE...



AND IN THE WATER WHICH SURROUNDED THE SUB...A STRANGE PHENOMENON! BILLIONS OF TINY, SWARMING PARTICLES, UNITING IN A SMOKEY CLOUD...A RADIOACTIVE CLOUD! THIS WAS ATOMIC ENERGY ON THE LOOSE...AND BEFORE IT, THE GIANT ATTACKERS FELL BACK, CLUTCHED AT THEIR THROATS...AND DIED!



IT WAS FANNING OUT OF THE WATER NOW, IN A HUGE AND EVER-GROWING MIST... DRIFTING OMINOUSLY TOWARDS THE MAINLAND! AND IN EVERY PARTICLE, THERE WAS... DEATH!



HERE IT WAS, THE THING WHICH THE GIANTS SO DREADED... THE ONE THING BEFORE WHICH THEIR HUGE STRENGTH AVAILLED THEM LITTLE! ATOMIC POWER... BREAKING DOWN THEIR BODY CELLS... TOUCHING OFF INTERNAL FIRE...



AND SO IT CAME TO AN END, THIS CIVILIZATION OF TITANS AT THE CENTER OF THE EARTH... FOR NOW, NOT A SINGLE ONE WAS LEFT ALIVE! LET IT BE SAID THAT THEY WERE NOT EVIL! DESTINY HAD WILLED IT THAT THEY CROSS MAN'S PATH... AND THAT ONLY ONE RACE OR THE OTHER SURVIVE! THIS SPELLED FINIS...

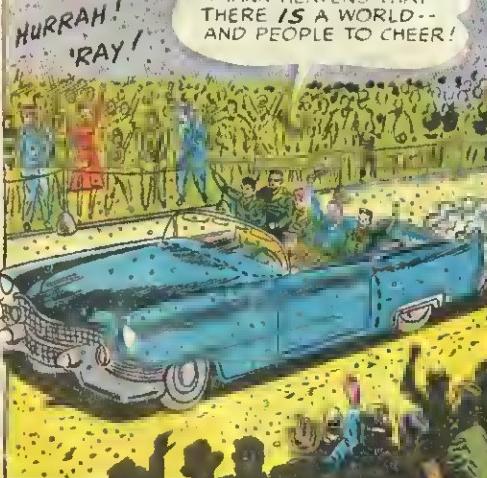


FOR THE ATOMIC SUB, THERE WAS THE RETURN TRIP UP THROUGH THE EARTH'S CRUST AND OUT OF THE UNDERWATER CRATER...



...A RETURN IN TRIUMPH... AS CHEERING CROWDS WELCOMED THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS WHO HAD SAVED THEM!

THANK HEAVENS THAT THERE IS A WORLD--
AND PEOPLE TO CHEER!



YES, THERE IS A WORLD... YOUR WORLD AND MINE! BUT THE PRICE OF SECURITY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE... AND DANGER MAY STRIKE FROM ANY QUARTER! EVEN NOW, AN AWFUL MENACE LOOMS, A MENACE SO DEADLY, SO AMAZING, THAT YOU'LL BE CHILLED TO THE MARROW! ONCE AGAIN, YOU'LL MEET THEM... IN A THRILLING, ALL-OUT FIGHT TO THE FINISH...

THE ATOMIC
COMMANDOS!



...AIDED BY A NEW, EXCITING MYSTERY CHARACTER: YOU'LL NEVER GUESS THE IDENTITY OF THIS LATEST ATOMIC COMMANDO... UNTIL YOU MEET HIM FOR YOURSELF IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

ATOM SUB of the FUTURE

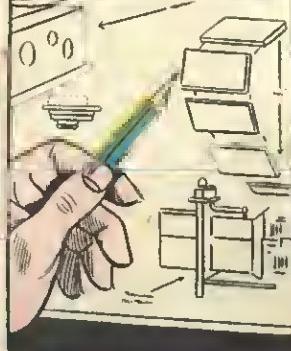
1962
1955

The ATOMIC SUBMARINE IS A FACT, A PRESENT-DAY REALITY! IT'S A 20TH CENTURY MIRACLE—ONE DESTINED TO GROW MORE MIRACULOUS WITH THE PASSING YEARS! AS TO POSSIBLE IMPROVEMENTS...WELL, WE'LL LET COMMANDER BILL BATTLE TAKE UP THE STORY!

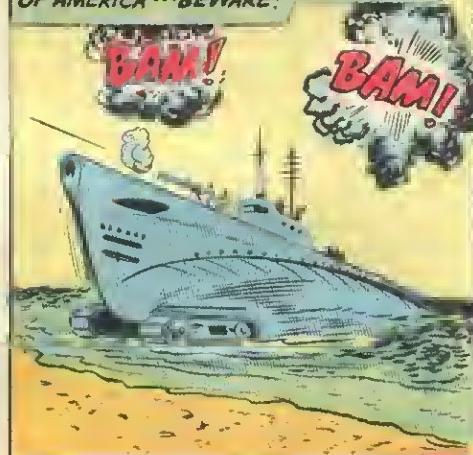
IT'S ALWAYS NICE TO TALK ABOUT THAT GREAT AMERICAN WEAPON WHICH IS CLOSEST TO MY HEART...THE ATOMIC SUB! IT'S THE WEAPON NOT ONLY OF TODAY, BUT TOMORROW AS WELL! ALREADY, MANY CHANGES ARE ON THE DRAWING BOARDS! FOR INSTANCE...



...HERE ARE SOME INTERESTING PLANS WHICH MAY BE PUT INTO PRODUCTION SHORTLY! AND IF YOU THINK THEY LOOK LIKE CATERPILLAR TREADS AND WHEELS...YOU'RE RIGHT!



CAN YOU GUESS WHAT THEY'RE FOR? RIGHT AGAIN! THEY'LL MAKE THE ATOMIC SUB AN AMPHIBIAN WHICH CAN GO ANYWHERE! ENEMIES OF AMERICA...BEWARE!



NOW, HERE'S SOMETHING INTERESTING! NOT AS MUCH AN IMPROVEMENT IN THE ATOMIC SUB AS AN ADVANCE IN ITS ARMAMENT! IT'S A GUIDED MISSILE FOR SUBMARINE USE! EFFECTIVE RANGE 300 MILES! ACCURACY: AMAZING!



THINK THESE ARE GREAT FOLKS? MAYBE...BUT YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET! JUST LOOK BACK THERE! A ROCKET, WOULD YOU SAY? WELL, IT'S GOING OFF... AND YOU MAY CHANGE YOUR MIND!



IT'S, THE ATOMIC SUB ITSELF! FITTED WITH WINGS AND TOUCHED OFF LIKE A ROCKET! CLEAR THE WAY FOR ACTION... AND FOR THE GREAT WEAPON OF THE FUTURE!





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Like
We
Did

LOOK
at ME and
MY PALS!
What a
Pitiful lot of
SKINNY
WRECKS like YOU
We were BEFORE
We mailed coupon!

Yes, PAL—NOW

YOU MAIL THE
COUPON
BELOW
and Get a NEW
HE-MAN BODY
for Your OLD
SKELETON FRAME!

YOU CAN WIN
\$100⁰⁰
AND A BIG 15"
TALL SILVER CUP
LIKE WE
DID!



NO! Friend
you don't
have to be SKINNY,
WEAK or FLABBY any
more—just mail the
FREE coupon below as I
did! But DO IT NOW —
This may be YOUR LAST
CHANCE!

Now, GET ALL THESE
Buddy PICTURES
YOU 5 PACKED COURSES

FREE If you
mail
coupon NOW
as I did!

1

May be
LAST CHANCE
before \$1
price goes
back!

Cleveland
BEFORE

NOW →

LOOK at
CLEVELAND'S
HEROIC
CHEST
NOW!

—HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY CHEST

2

I gained

**70 lbs. of
MIGHTY MUSCLE**

Won a BIG SILVER TROPHY
and made the football team.
I was a 90 lb. Skeleton before,
says Cleveland.

I changed myself from
← this ANEMIC SHRIMP
to this MUSCULAR HE-MAN

I added 6 inches
to each ARM
10 inches to my CHEST
says Ken Grimm.

I GAINED
53 lbs.
OF SHAPELY
POWER-
PACKED
MUSCLES

I was a
Skinny,
Scared,
Girl-Shy
Skeleton.
Now My
Body Is
the Best
in the
Neighborhood. Pal
—oo as I
Did—Mail
The Coupon
Below.
AFTER
R. HIRSCH
◀ BEFORE

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY ARM

3

NOW—YOU MAIL
COUPON and GET
ALL 5 COURSES

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY BACK

5

LAST CHANCE—ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER
3 Photo-Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. AM-49

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

"Jowett Courses
Winning's
World's
Building
All Around
NATION
—E. F. Kelley
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

George Jowett, mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and Muscle Meter, all five courses
1. How to Build a Mighty Chest 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip & Now to Build a
Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s)

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR **FREE** OFFER AND PRIZES!

DO YOU NEED MONEY?



**NOEL DELUXE
FEATURE CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT**
21 luxurious cards—including
satin "puff", gold bronzing, red velvet,
lovely embossing



**DELUXE
CHRISTMAS
GIFT WRAPPING
ENSEMBLE**
20 large multi-color
20" x 30" sheets in a
fascinating variety
of designs—plus
matching seals
and gift tags



**PANSY REMEMBRANCE
STATIONERY ENSEMBLE**
Charming Pansy design,
dainty scalloped borders,
ribbon tied



Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping

\$35.00 IS YOURS

for selling
only 50 boxes of
our 300 Christmas card
line. And this can be done
in a single day. Free samples.

Other leading boxes
on approval. Many surprise
items. It costs you
nothing to try. Mail
coupon below today.



**FUN A-PLenty
CHRISTMAS COMIC ASSORTMENT**
Novel animated cards with original
cut-outs, pop-outs, unique folds and
novelty attachments—including
jingle bells and 3-D glasses



**BIBLE TEXT
CHRISTMAS
ASSORTMENT**
Richly decorated
religious cards
with Scripture Text
quotations



**FAVORITE
ALL OCCASION
ASSORTMENT**
Exquisite Birthday,
Get Well cards of
unusual beauty and design

Mail This Coupon Today	
COLONIAL STUDIOS, INC.	
Dept. 30, White Plains, New York	
Please rush samples and full details of your easy money-making plan.	
Name. _____	
Address. _____	
City. _____ State. _____	

COLONIAL STUDIOS, INC., Dept. 3D, White Plains, New York

